

As we have shown, she released her brother. A hurried explanation followed, and losing no time, they set forward to free Julia. Avoiding the lights, they made their way carefully down the steep hill which overlooked the town. This was a difficult matter in the day time, and by night a dangerous task. But the life of one dearer than their own depended upon their success, and nerved them for the enterprise. In several places, Kiana was obliged to drop himself at random from a precipice upon a precarious footing beneath, first sounding the depth by dropping a stone; Liliha would then drop herself lightly into his arms. Shrubs and bushes aided their descent in less dangerous places, and after an hour's severe toil and with a few bruises, they reached the valley. The village was almost entirely deserted, so that they experienced no danger of detection in groping their way about. A light from a house attracted their attention; approaching it they heard a voice which thrilled through every nerve—a shriek—god of battles!—it was Julia's!

It is necessary to go back a short period, to explain the occasion of it. Pomale had left the hill some time before, fully determined to execute his fell purpose upon Julia. He entered the house where she was, his eyes gleaming with lust and cruelty, and his dress still red with the blood of, as she thought, her husband. Thinking he had come to take her life also, she prepared herself to receive the blow. He looked upon her, much the same as the tiger views its prey, before giving it the death stroke—“Maiden of the far off land,” said he, “wilt thou be free?”

“What are thy terms?”

“Be the chiefest among the women of Pomale—a hundred slaves shall attend thy every want—the richest spoils of war shall be thine. Before to-morrow's sun touches the western waves, Kiana's bones will be thy gift—his flesh will gladden the hearts of my warriors—they are watching him like hungry sharks eager for their prey. Thine too, shall be that fate, if thou refusest.—Speak.”

The thought of so horrible a death made her tremble, and her cheek grow deadly pale, but her agitation was but for a moment, and she proudly answered, “Never will I degrade myself, by being thy bride—welcome death in any form first.” “Ha! rejectest thou my offer? Pretty fool—thou hast forgotten in whose power thou art. Force shall make thee yield, when persuasion fails.” He advanced towards her. Springing back, she drew a poniard from her clothes. It was one that she had about her when she was found senseless upon the beach, and which she had preserved as a friend which might protect her when all else failed. With one foot advanced, her right arm upraised to strike, with the keen edge pointed to her bosom, her long dark dishevelled hair flowing over her shoulders, contrasting strangely with the simple white robe which she wore, the blood of indignation mantling her cheeks, and her brilliant eyes flashing scorn and defiance upon her persecuter, she presented a figure of determined energy before which even the dark spirit that threatened her momentarily quailed. “One step nearer, and this shall drink my heart's blood;” and casting her eyes towards heaven, she breathed a prayer for pardon for the deed she was about to do! This expression of the might of woman, so unlike that which she had been accustomed to, in the trembling degraded beings which surrounded him, struck Pomale more with surprise than admiration. Indeed his base soul was incapable of a noble feeling. As his astonishment vanished, his original purpose returned with a strength fired by opposition, and with a burning which never forsook him, making a point to desist, he reached her side at once, and grasped her hand before she could accomplish her design; the weapon fell

harmlessly upon the floor. A fiendish laugh burst from his lips as he saw her anguish, but she heard it not, for uttering one fearful shriek, she fainted and fell.

It was at this moment that Kiana tore away the frail door and entered the apartment. Pomale turned in wrath upon the intruder, and to his amazement recognized his foe. A superstitious fear crept over him, as he recollected the prophecy and the warning of his goddess, and he trembled. Before he could recover himself, Kiana sprang upon him, and grappling, they rolled upon the ground together. It was a fearful strife. Both were unarmed, and the contest was one of hate and revenge. The sight of Julia's lifeless body had inflamed Kiana to madness, and in his desperation he at first had the advantage. Their limbs were strained to their utmost tension, and they twisted and writhed together like two serpents in mortal combat. Long fasting and his bonds had weakened Kiana more than he was aware, and his struggles became weaker. Pomale perceiving this, made one vigorous effort, and getting him beneath, planted his knee upon his chest, and his fingers upon his throat. The convulsive gasps of Kiana told how surely he was accomplishing the work of death—a few seconds more, and his fate would have been decided. Liliha, who had been watching the combatants with an anxiety which told that the lives of those she held dear, besides her own, depended upon the issue, by chance saw the poniard; with the quickness of thought she seized it, and springing forward buried it to its hilt in Pomale's back. It reached his heart—uttering a dog-like howl, he sprang convulsively into the air, and then lay dead before them.

To be Continued.

MUSICAL KITE. For weeks past the air has been filled with kites of every color, shape and size—such an assault the heavens here never witnessed before—so numerous have they become that a fear was expressed that they might draw the town up after them, a catastrophe which some of our good citizens are but little prepared for. On Tuesday last a most unearthly sound, something like a distant and prolonged wail, was heard, which astonished all ears. It would swell at times into a shriek, and then gradually die away into a low hum. The noise was finally traced to a kite of curious appearance, which had been manufactured by some sons of the Celestial Empire. Its exalted station prevented us from examining the mechanism which produced these sounds, but we suppose it is akin to the Æolian Harp. Had it been raised unexpectedly during the night, the effect would have been doleful indeed.

An unavoidable delay attending the translation of the “NEW LAWS”—prevents us from presenting them to the public as soon as we anticipated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. “Florence” is very welcome, though too late for this number.

SHIP NEWS.—O!!!

P. S. Arrived, Saturday morning, Feb. 20, after a lamented absence of two weeks, “the Trades.”

AN ODD LORD OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

Lord Wharnccliffe, in his new and extended edition of the works of Lady Mary Wortly Montague (London, Bentley), gives the following amusing anecdotes of a noble lord of the early part of the last century: Mary Howe, daughter of Lord Viscount Howe, married to Thomas VIII. Earl of Pembroke, 1725; the Lord Pembroke who collected the statues and medals at Wilton, and whose knowledge of classical antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to Lady Mary Wortly; he had been a principal member of the whig administrations under King William and Queen Anne, and the last person who held the office of Lord High

Admiral; but now being old and a great humorist, distinguished himself by odd whims and peculiarities; one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One must explain this by instances. He chose that his eldest son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who was more than of age, and had a will of his own, often chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away ever so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present; every day gravely bidding the butler tell Lord Herbert dinner was ready; and the butler every day gravely bringing word, that “his lordship dined abroad.”

Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict dominion over a wife whom other people thought safely arrived at years of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but must never on any account stay out a minute later than ten o'clock; his supper hour. One night, however, she staid till past twelve. He declined supping, telling the servants it could not be ten o'clock, as their lady was not come home; when at last she came in a terrible fright, and began making a thousand apologies. “My dear,” said he very coolly, “you are under a mistake, it is but just ten; your watch, I see, goes too fast, and so does mine; we must have the man to-morrow to set them to rights; meanwhile, let us go to supper.”

His example on another occasion might be worth following. Of all the Medea and Persian laws established in his house, the most peremptory was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged—no pardon granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old footman, who had lived with him many years, would sometimes indulge in a pot of ale extraordinary, trusting to the wilful blindness which he saw assumed when convenient. One fatal day even this could not avail. As my lord crossed the hall, John appeared in full view; not rather tipsy, or a little disguised, but dead drunk, and unable to stand. Lord Pembroke went up to him. “My poor fellow, what ails you? you seem dreadfully ill; let me feel your pulse. God bless us, he is in a raging fever; get him to bed directly, and send for the apothecary.” The apothecary came, not to be consulted—for his lordship was physician-general, in his own family; but to obey orders—to bleed the patient copiously, clap a huge blister on his back, and give him a powerful dose of physic. After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan as the severest illness could have left him, “Hah, honest John,” cried his master, “I am truly glad to see thee alive, you have had a wonderful escape though, and ought to be thankful—very thankful indeed. Why, man, if I had not passed by and spied the condition you were in, you would have been dead before now. But, John, John,” lifting up his finger, “NO MORE OF THESE FEVERS!”

SAW AND MOW, BAKERS FROM CANTON.

Good people all—walk in and buy, Of Saw & Mow, good cake and pie— Bread hard or soft, for land or sea, “Celestial” made; come buy of we.
June 15. tf

LADD & Co.

Have for Sale,
30 Bales Brown Cotton,
10 Cases Prints,
1 Do Grass Cloth,
50 Boxes Hyson Tea,
40 “ Hyson Skin,
200 “ Congo Souchong Tea.
June, 6. tf

B. Pitman & Son,

Have for sale on reasonable terms, viz., English and American Prints. Gingham, Printed Muslins. White, Brown and Blue Cotton Drill. White and Brown Linen Drill. Bleached and Unbleached Cottons. Cambric, plane and Figured. Swiss Muslin. Lace Edgings. Insertings. Fancy Gauze Hdk's. and Scarfs. White Veils. Garmenture. Silk. Satin. Velvet and Belt Ribbons. Wound Wire. Furniture Chints. Hamilton Stripes. Bonnet Wreaths and Flowers. Ladies and Gentlemen's Hosiery. Gloves. Satin Neck Stocks. Nankeens. Pongee Colored Hdk's. Grass Cloth. Cotton Hdk's. Needles. Pins. Spool Cotton. Thread. Buttons. Suspenders. Ready Made Clothing. Wickyarr, &c., &c.

GROCERIES.

Molasses. Sugar. Lamp Oil. Tea. Flour. Meal. Dried Apples. Raisins. Citron. Prunes. Tamarinds. Pickles. Vinegar. Nutmegs. Mace. Allspice. Cinnamon. Cloves. Ginger. Sage. Pepper. Mustard. Honey. Tobacco. Cigars. Pipes. Snuff. Soap. Sallad Oil. Olives. Lemon Syrup. Porter. Pale Ale. Stoughton's Elixir. Wines, &c.

SUNDRIES.

Boots and Shoes. Writing Ink. Shoe Blacking. Arrow Root. Epsom Salts. Bench Planes. Brace and Bits. Chisels. Fish Hooks. Combs. Sauce and Fry Pans. Iron Squares. Screws. Nails. Axe Handles. Axes. Adzes. Hatchets. Writing Paper. Blank Books. Quills. Corks, &c.

Generally on hand a good assortment of Crockery, Glass, and Tin Ware.

Honolulu, Dec. 5, 1840. tf

PEIRCE & BREWER,

Commission Merchants,

Honolulu, Island of Oahu,

HAVE Constantly on hand and for sale on liberal terms, Merchandise imported from the United States, England, Chili, and China, and adapted to the trade of the

NORTH PACIFIC.

They offer to purchase the productions of the Sandwich Islands, and of California; and Bills of Exchange on England, France, Russia and the United States.

For Sale.



The premises in Honolulu now owned and occupied by Capt. JOHN DOMINIS. This desirable property is centrally and pleasantly situated—has an entrance from two different streets—a small garden, under good cultivation—good buildings, &c., and 90 years' unexpired lease of the land. Will be sold at a low price, and on a long credit if applied for soon.

For further particulars apply to
PEIRCE & BREWER.
Dec. 23, 1840. tf

FRESH CORN MEAL,

By the Barrel, or less quantity, constantly on hand and for sale by

E. & H. GRIMES.
Jan. 18. tf

B. PITMAN & SON,

Have for sale,



25 boxes Souchong Tea.
20 boxes Hyson Tea.
10 boxes Hyson Skin.
15 doz. Raspberry Wine.
12 “ Stoughton's Elixir.
10 “ Lemon Syrup.
200 Ohia Rafters.
5 M. ft. Koa Lumber
25 M. Koa Shingles.